

DELL

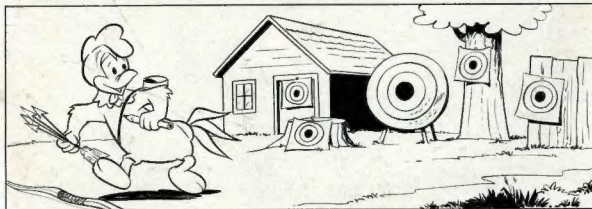
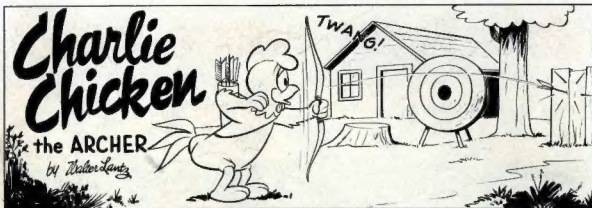
AUG.-OCT.

Still 10¢

Walter Lantz

ANDY PANDA





ANDY PANDA and CHARLIE CHICKEN

THE GHOST SHIP SHAKE-UP

ANDY AND CHARLIE, SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH SEAS, SUDDENLY FIND THEMSELVES CAUGHT IN A TERRIFYING GALE . . .

YEOW! HANG ON, CHARLIE!
IT'S TURNING INTO A
REGULAR TYPHOON!

OH, BROTHER! I WISH I
WAS HOME ON THE FARM!

BUT ANDY AND CHARLIE AREN'T THE ONLY ONES IN TROUBLE!
THERE'S A MOVIE COMPANY ON LOCATION ON THE ISLAND OF
PONGO PONGO!

THE LINES JUST COULDN'T TAKE IT, SIR!
THE WIND TORE THE SHIP FREE!

OH, NO!

THERE'S NO ONE
ABOARD!

OUR GENUINE, AUTHENTIC PIRATE FRISATE!
THAT SHIP COST ME A FORTUNE! OUR WHOLE
PICTURE DEPENDS ON IT...WE CAN'T
LOSE HER!

YOU, TINY! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO
MAKE SURE NOTHING HAPPENED TO IT!
GO AFTER THE SHIP! STOP IT!

WE CAN'T PUT ANOTHER
BOAT OUT IN THAT SEA,
MISTER VON KRUTZ!

THE SHIP MIGHT RIDE
WITH THE WIND! SHE
MIGHT LAST OUT THE
STORM, V.K.!

WHEN THIS BLOW STOPS
WE'LL GO AFTER HER,
BOSS!

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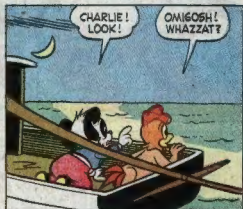
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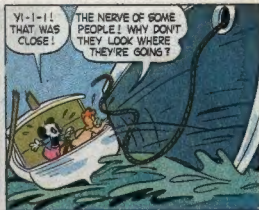
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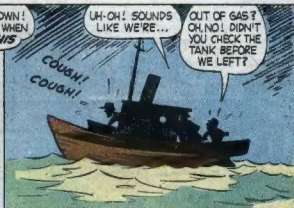
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



TIME PASSES... AND WHEN THE BOYS REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS THE SEA IS STILL! SILVERY MOONLIGHT DANCES EERILY ACROSS THE WAVES...

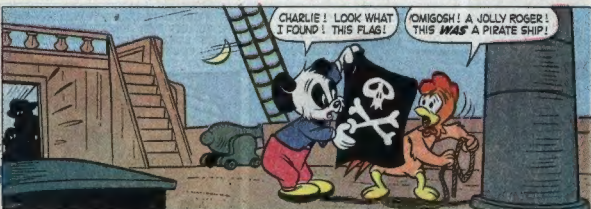


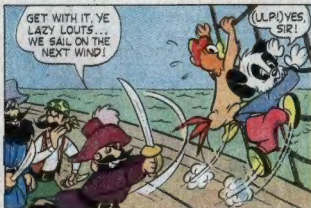
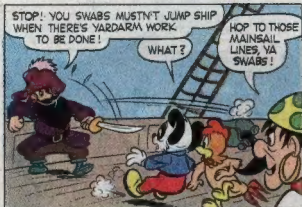
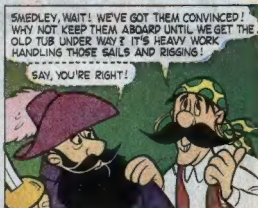






MEANWHILE, BELOW DECKS...





ABOUT AN
HOUR LATER...



HA, HA! WELL, MATES, WE'LL BE
BACK AT PONGO PONGO BY DAWN,
AND WITHOUT LIFTING A FINGER
OURSELVES!

EVEN VON KRUTZ'LL
HAVE TO ADMIT
WE USED OUR
HEADS THIS TIME!



AND WHEN HE SEES WHAT GOOD PIRATE ACTORS
WE ARE, MAYBE WE'LL EVEN LET US ACT IN THE...



BY THUNDER! IT'S ABOUT TIME!
YOU LUBBERS RIG SAILS LIKE A
COUPLE OF HOG-TIED
SEA TURTLES!

YES, SIR!

COULD WE
GO NOW?



GO!? WHEN THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE?
AVAST, LUBBER! TO THE
QUARTER DECK!

HERE! GRAB
ONTO THIS WHEEL
AND HOLD OUR
COURSE!



BUT...

YOU STAY HERE AND KEEP A
SHARP EYE ON 'EM, LONG-JOHN
TINY! AH, WE OFFICERS
ARE GOING BELOW!

OFFKERS!?
HUHMP!

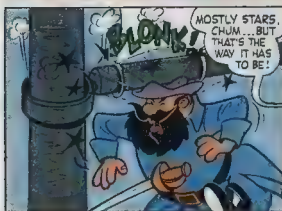
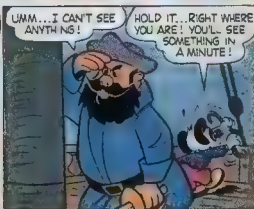
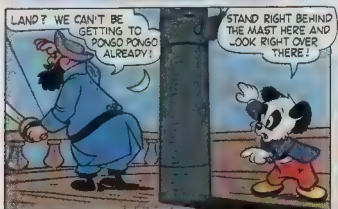
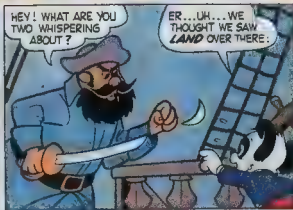
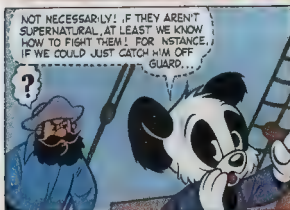
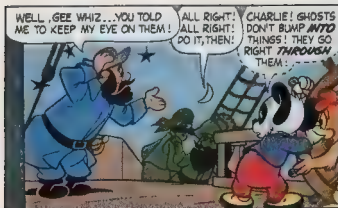


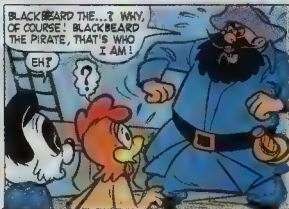
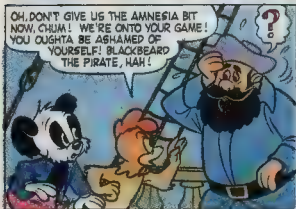
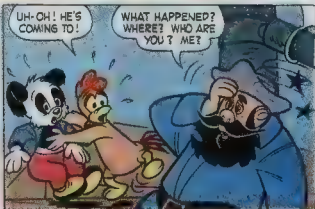
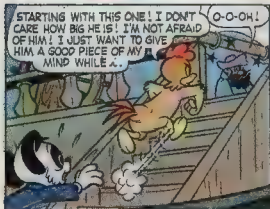
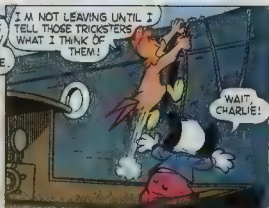
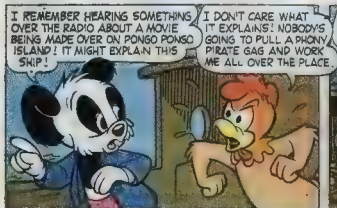
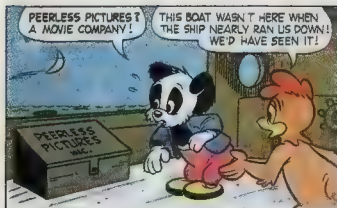
WHY DON'T I EVER
GET TO BE A...

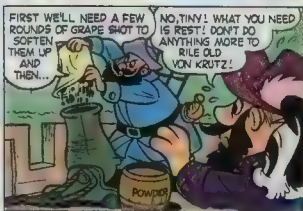
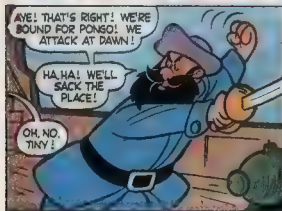
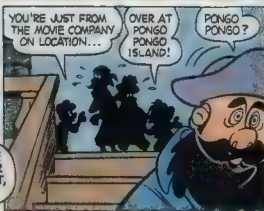
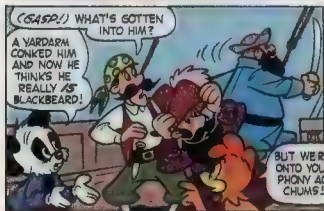
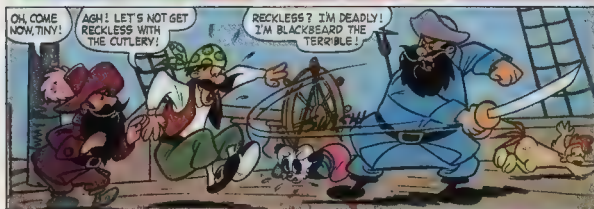
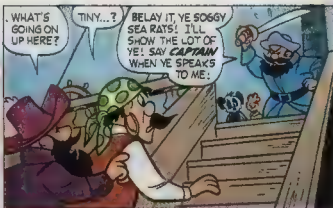
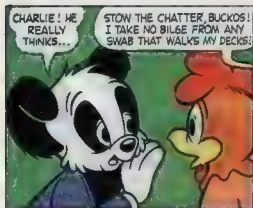
BONK!

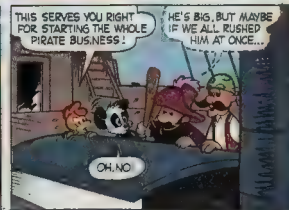
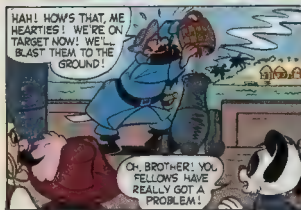
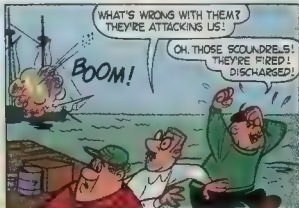
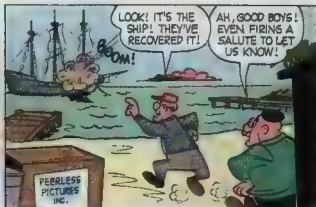
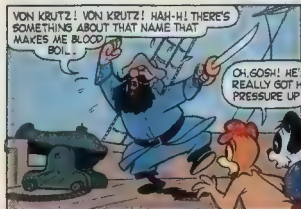
WATCH WHERE
YOU'RE GOING,
NUMBSKULL!

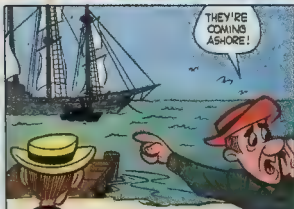
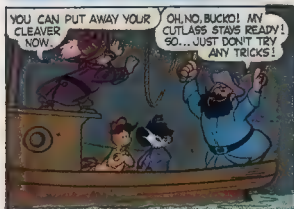
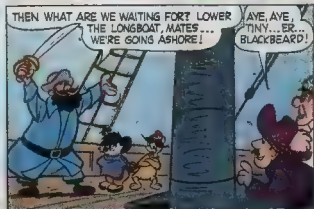
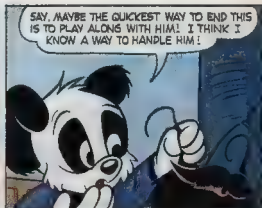


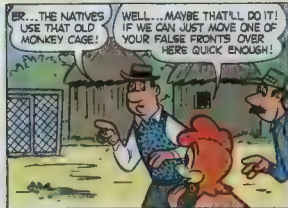
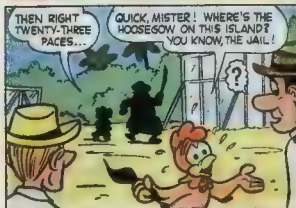
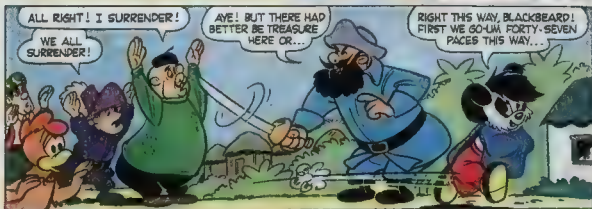
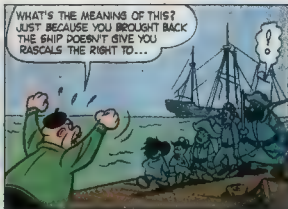
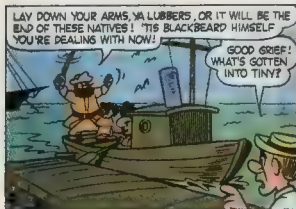


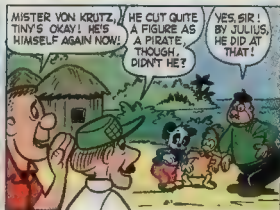
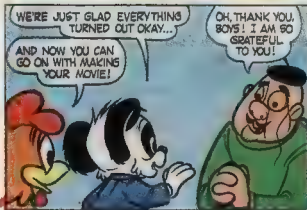
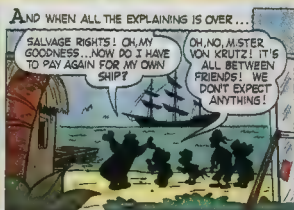
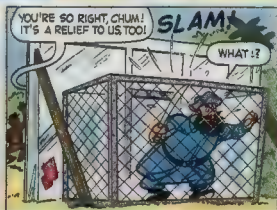
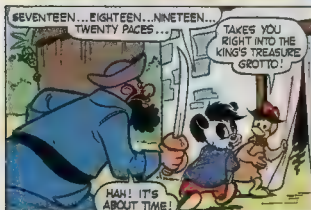
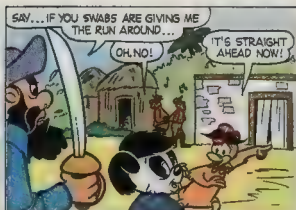


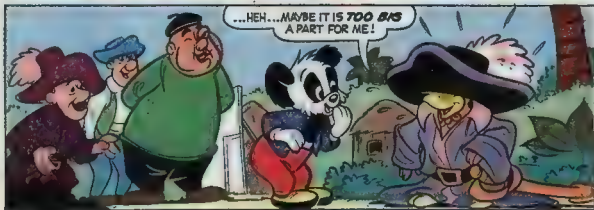
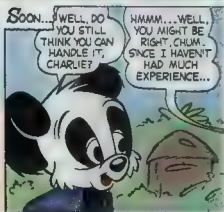
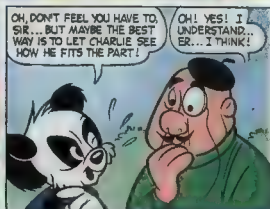
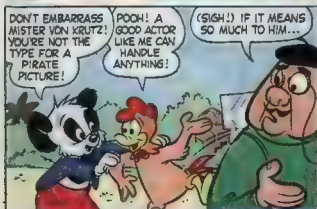
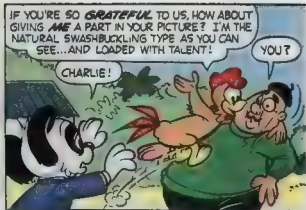




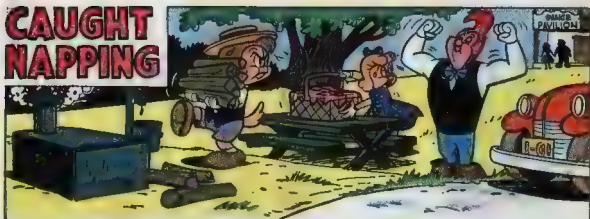








CAUGHT NAPPING



"Hurry, Red, or we'll be late for the town picnic," Carrie Pigeon called to Red Cardinal as she and Homer stood waiting in front of Red's house one day.

"I'll be right there," Red replied.

"I don't see why he has to come with us," Homer grumbled.

"Now, Homer, that's no way to talk," Carrie chided gently. "If you two boys didn't always compete with each other, there wouldn't be any trouble between you."

"Here I am," Red said just then, hopping into Homer's car. "Say, you haven't forgotten that I'm taking you to the dance after the picnic, have you, Carrie?"

"No, I haven't forgotten, Red," Carrie assured him. "It was awfully nice of you to suggest going."

"Humph!" Homer snorted. "I intended to ask you first, but as I was on my way over to your house, Red stopped me and told me that you weren't home. Then he sneaked over there himself and asked you."

"Now, don't worry about that, I'll save a dance for you, Homer," Carrie promised.

"There's the picnic grounds and the races have already started," Red announced a few minutes later. "You help Carrie unload the things from the car, Homer, so I can get into the races and win some prizes."

With that, Red hopped out of the car and disappeared into the crowd.

"Well, how do you like that," Carrie fumed. "He didn't even hold the door open for me."

"Don't worry about him," Homer advised. "Come on, I'll help you set up the table."

While Homer and Carrie were busily engaged in unloading the car and setting the table, Red entered one race after another and kept dashing back and forth to report the

results—at least, when he had won.

"Did you see the finish of that sack race?" he boasted. "I took first place."

"That's wonderful, Red," Carrie said with admiration. "You're so big and strong, it's no wonder you're doing well."

"Yeah," Homer grumbled to himself. "He's big, all right. A big blowhard." Out loud, though, he said, "How about giving me a hand collecting some firewood, Red?"

"Not now," Red panted. "The peanut pushing race is just starting. Maybe later."

And so it went for the whole afternoon. By the time the races were all over, Homer and Carrie had finished most of the work and were already eating the delicious picnic supper which Carrie had prepared.

"Whew!" Red puffed, dropping to the ground under the shade of an oak tree. "I'm so tired, I'm afraid I'll have to take a little nap before I can even eat."

Some time later, when Red awoke, he was surprised to see that night had fallen.

"Yikes!" he exclaimed. "I must have slept for hours."

Just then, Carrie and Homer strolled gaily down the path toward him.

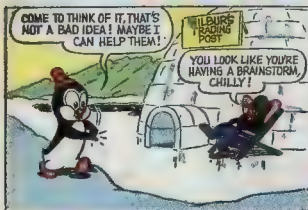
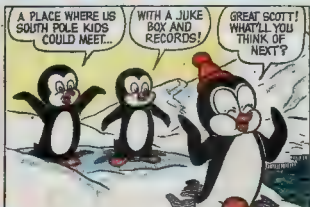
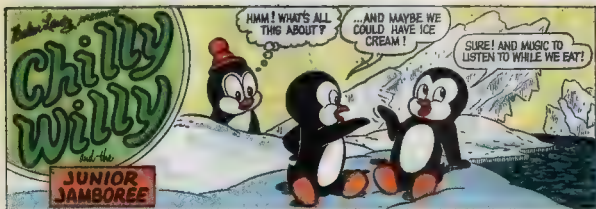
"Hi, Red," Carrie called. "Did you have a nice rest?"

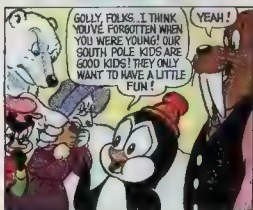
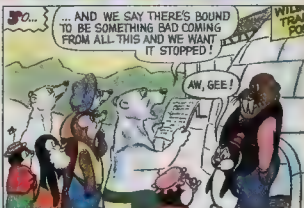
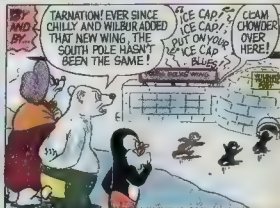
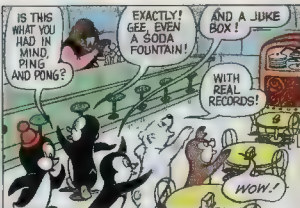
"Yeah," Red said sheepishly, "but the dance must be about ready to start. I'll race you both over to the pavilion."

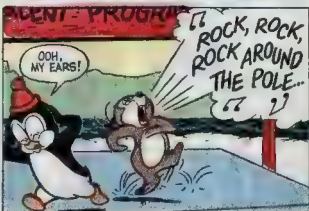
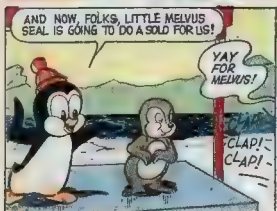
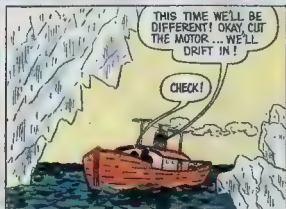
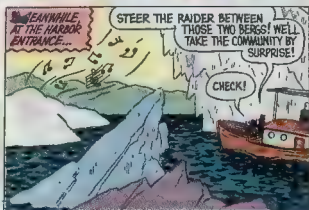
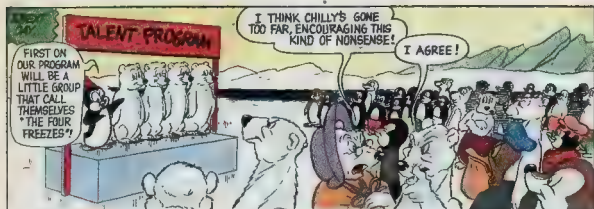
Without waiting for an answer, Red dashed off toward the bandstand.

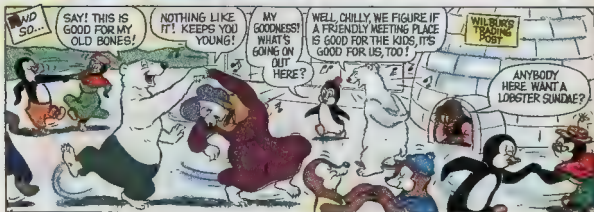
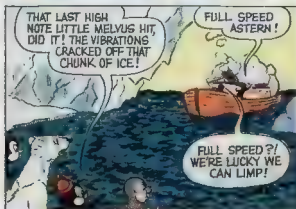
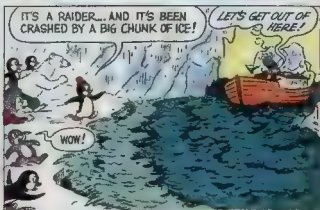
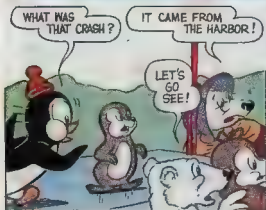
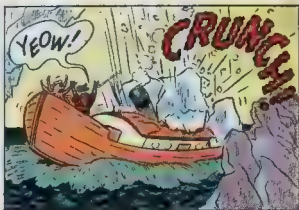
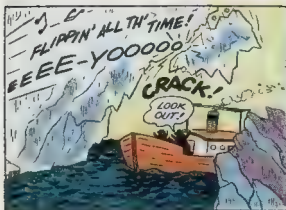
"See him run," Carrie laughed merrily. "He sure is good."

"Uh, huh," Homer grinned, "and he's going to be good and surprised when he discovers that the dance is already over and you danced every dance with me!"





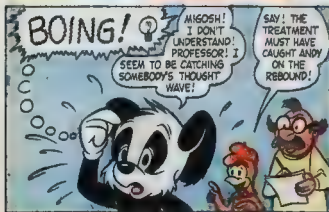
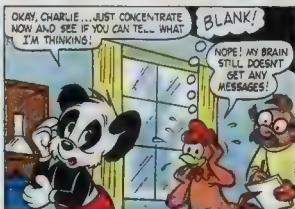
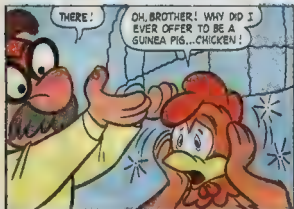
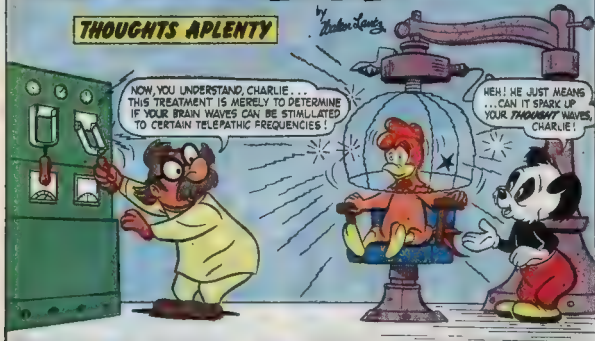


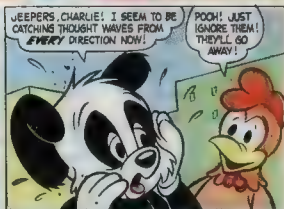
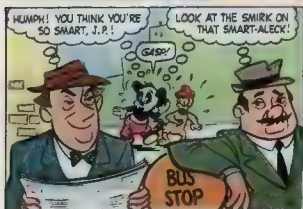
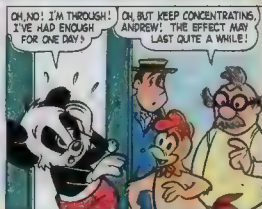
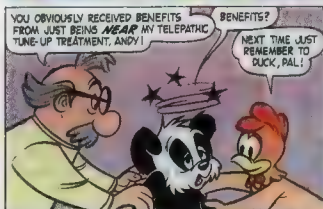
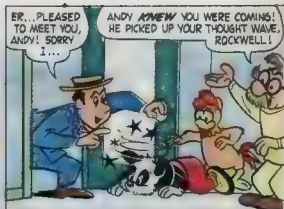
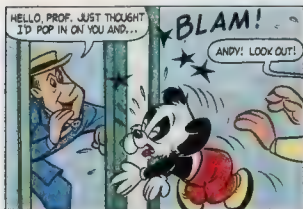


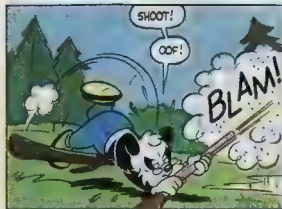
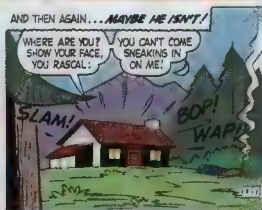
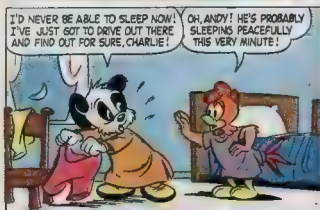
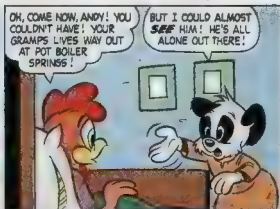
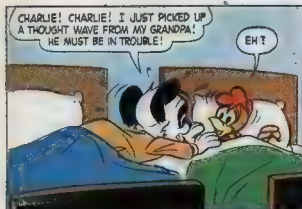
ANDY PANDA and Charlie Chicken

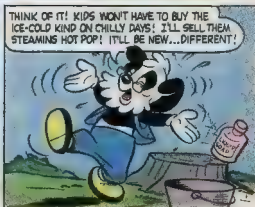
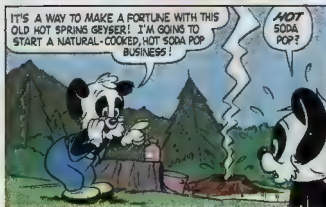
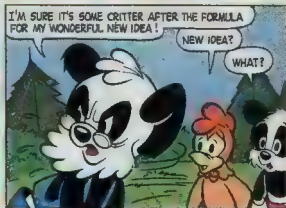
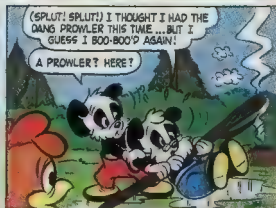
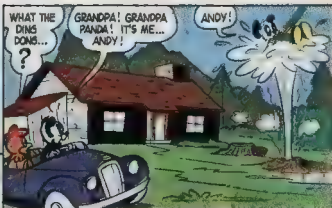
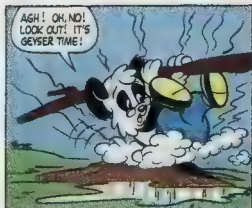
THOUGHTS APLENTY

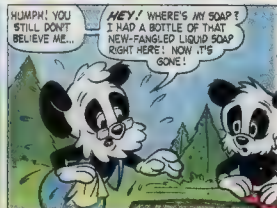
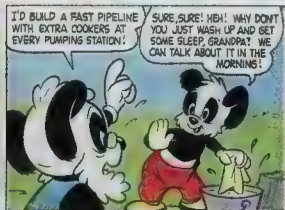
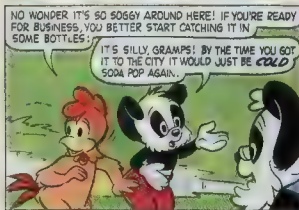
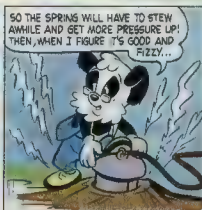
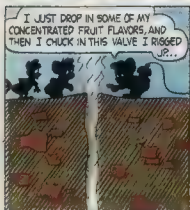
by *Walter Lantz*











THAT PROVES SOMEBODY WAS HERE!
HE GRABBED THAT SOAP THINKING MAYBE
IT WAS ONE OF MY SECRET FRUIT FLAVORS!

GEE: ER...WELL,
IT DOESN'T
SEEM
POSSIBLE
BUT...

MAYBE THE SOAP IS ALL
HE WANTED! HEH: HE
MIGHT BE A *DIRTY*
CROOK!

IF YOU'VE BEEN HAVING
PROWLERS, GRANDPA...
THEY MUST BE AFTER
SOMETHING BESIDES
YOUR HOT SODA POP
IDEA!

IF I'VE BEEN HAVING 'EM?
IT'S BEEN EVERY NIGHT FOR
A WEEK! I JUST CAN'T TAKE
MUCH MORE OF THIS, SONNY!

ANDY. SAY! IF YOUR BRAIN IS STILL TUNED UP...
MAYBE YOU CAN FOCUS ON THE MOUNTAIN
HEREABOUTS AND SEE IF ANYBODY'S GOT
ANY SNEAKY THOUGHTS AIMED THIS WAY!

GEE, I DON'T KNOW, CHARLIE!
I'LL TRY...

BOING!
NOW WE'VE GOT
THREE OF THEM
TO GET RID OF!

OMIGOSH! I'M
GETTING ONE!
IT'S KIND OF
SMALL AND
FAINT,
THOUGH!

MAYBE SOMEBODY'S NOT
THINKING VERY HARD...
OR THEY'RE KIND OF
FAR AWAY!

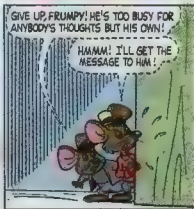
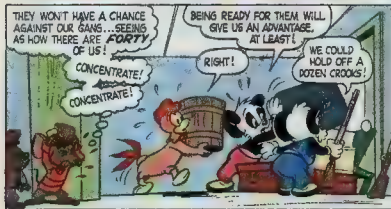
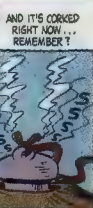
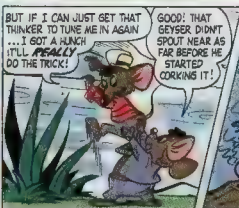
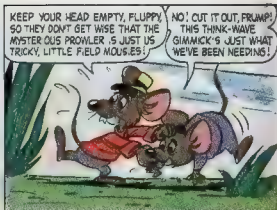
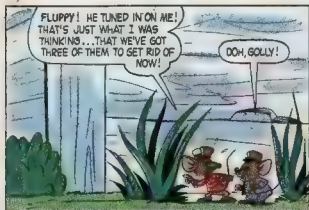
OH, GOSH! I SURE HOPE
IT'S FROM FAR AWAY!

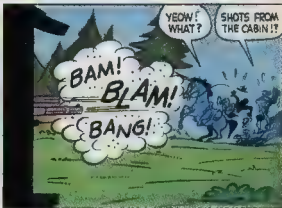
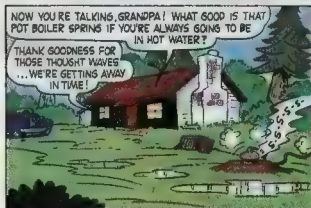
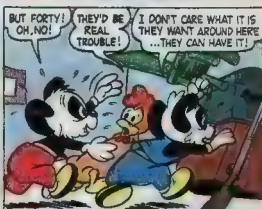
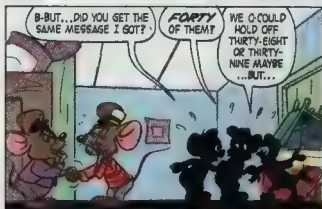
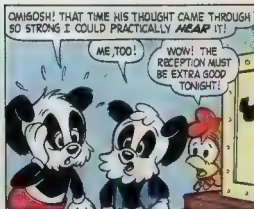
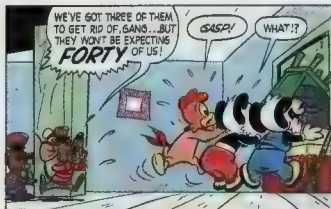
HE SAID, "NOW WE'VE GOT *THREE* OF THEM
TO GET RID OF!" THAT MUST MEAN *US*!

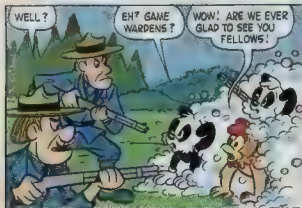
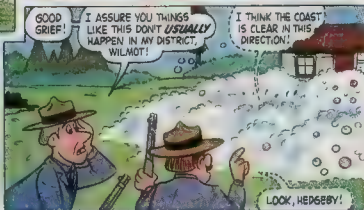
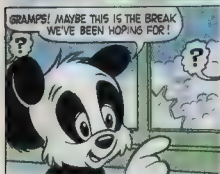
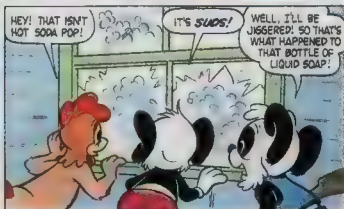
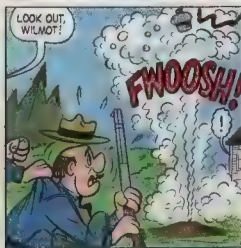
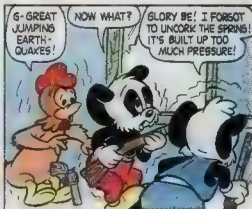
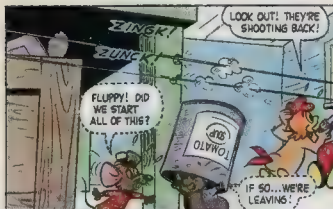
YIPE!

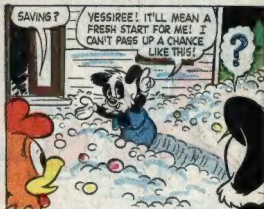
YOU MEAN YOU ACTUALLY
TUNED IN SOMEBODY'S
THINK WAVES, ANDY?

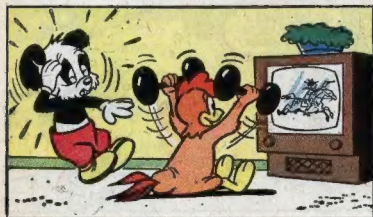
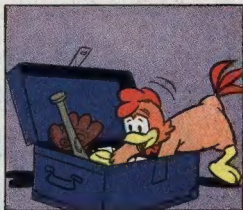
GASP!











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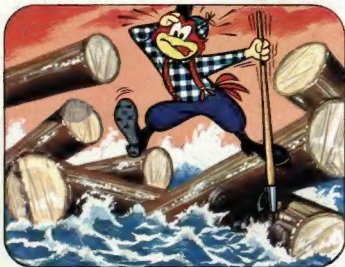
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says:

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